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1856

A MEMENTO TO THE STUDENTS OF THE INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

AN

A D D R E S S

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,

AT THE

A N N U A L C O M M E N C E M E N T ,

AUGUST 5, 1856.

BY DANIEL READ, LL. D.

LATE PROFESSOR IN THE

INDIANA UNIVERSITY,

NOW OF THE

STATE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

BLOOMINGTON:

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SOCIETY.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, PHILOMATHEAN HALL, }
August 6th, 1856.

DEAR SIR:

On behalf of the Philomathean Society, it is our agreeable duty to render you the unanimous thanks of its members for the excellent address, delivered by you before them on last evening.

The Society, believing the address to be eminently worthy of preservation, respectfully requests a copy for publication.

H. S. McRAE, J. E. WILLIAMS, J. D. PERING, W. S. MAJOR, A. F. WISE,	}	Committee.
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Prof. DANIEL READ, LL. D.

BLOOMINGTON, August 6th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:

A copy of the address delivered by me last evening is, according to your request, herewith at your disposal.

With affectionate regard, I remain.

Yours truly,

D. READ.

Messrs. McRAE, WILLIAMS, PERING, MAJOR, and WISE.

A D D R E S S .

GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY:

By your appointment, I stand before you, your speaker for this anniversary occasion. It is my purpose, without apology or preface, without attempting to round a period or polish a sentence, to address you simply in your character as students.

Mere literary display is no part of my design. We will, if you please, for the hour, forget the externals of this scene. I will speak to you, and to you only; and just as though none were here present except ourselves and your fellow-students of this beloved University. I will speak to you once more as your old instructor, earnest only for your true and best interests. You will once more listen to me with the same confidence and affection as often heretofore in the chapel or recitation room.

Standing before you in the relations in which I now do, I may without indelicacy appeal to you, that in my intercourse with you, at all times, it has been my steady and faithful endeavor, not merely to teach you a certain amount of Latin and Greek, but to perform the office of the true educator in training and stimulating you to all that is excellent and praiseworthy in character—to all that is high and manly in purpose and action—to form you, in intellect and in heart, brave and good men for the State, for society, for yourselves, in this life and the life to come.

Gentlemen, another College year has silently and swiftly glided by. With all the past, it is forever beyond your reach.

It is sealed up in that book which fixes the final destiny of all. Whether improved, or whether unimproved, it is gone, and it is gone forever. No sighs of regret on your part can recall a single lost moment; no tears of anguish can bring back a misimproved opportunity.

Standing at this dividing point of time—those of you who are yet a while to linger here in “Art’s trophied dwelling, Learning’s green retreat;”—if I can utter a sentiment which shall stir you up to higher and better resolves; or, you the little band who are now to go forth with all the world before you where to choose, if I can say a word which shall tend to set your faces as flint for those conflicts which are before you, I shall rejoice in this opportunity of once more addressing you, pupils dearly beloved, by the remembrance not only of acts of personal respect, but of your fidelity to the University in its severest trials; if I can say to you any such words, happy and more than happy shall I consider myself in the fulfillment of the office for the evening which your kindness has devolved upon me.

Young gentlemen, you are students. You are students in a University. What does this imply? Why, that in God’s Providence, great and extraordinary advantages have fallen to your lot—advantages far beyond those of others—advantages which may place you—nay, which ought to place you, in the front rank of usefulness in your day and generation. But remember—oh! remember, my young friends, if these advantages are neglected and despised, perverted and misimproved, they sink you below the ordinary level. In the opinion of the world—and what is more to you, in your own consciousness—they sink you below those to whom no such privileges have fallen. To have been to College, and to have derived no substantial benefit from College associations and instructions, is one of the greatest blights and curses that can rest upon any youth. More hope, far more hope, is there of him who at manhood has scarcely opened a book, than of that student, falsely so called, who, without a single manly effort or soul-stirring aspiration, has by sufferance loitered out and lounged out his years of College life.

The great Bonaparte—Bonaparte the magnificent—after

he had achieved a sublimity of fortune which no human being had ever before reached, as the great patron of learning and education in France, visited one of the colleges. When about to leave, he made to the students this short speech: "My young friends, every hour lost here is a chance for future wretchedness." Let me now appeal to you, have you, according to this principle, during the past year, created against yourselves any chances of wretchedness in the future? I would not, without cause, awaken a single unpleasant reflection in any mind, amidst the festivities and enjoyments of this anniversary. But the past is the proper monitor of the future. There are all along the journey of life great landmarks; there are dividing points at which it becomes us as thinking beings to pause and look back upon the past, and forward to the future. Such a point in the student's life is the close of the College year—the commencement to him of a new stage of duty—the beginning of new progress—the starting point of a new life and of new hopes. It is to the student the time for a sober review of the past; it is the time for forming new resolutions as to the future; it is, in short, a commencement time.

Young men, what a student is in habit and principle in College, that, ordinarily, is he during the rest of life, only increasing in degree according to a natural progress.

"The tissue of your lives to be
Ye weave in colors all your own,
And on the field of destiny
Ye'll reap, as ye have sown."

Those who in College are idle, disorderly, or vicious, with few exceptions wax worse and worse, until they are cast forth from the pale of society *as lost*—lost to themselves—lost to every manly and virtuous principle.

On the other hand, those who during College life have been industrious, faithful in every duty, well-principled and virtuous, confirming their College habits as they enter society, rise in public estimation, until they attain the highest posts of honor and usefulness. This is the history of all those distinguished men who have gone forth from our different American Colleges. College life—I speak it emphatically—Col-

lege life is the very forming period of character. It is the time when you make, or when you ruin yourselves; the time when you carve out your characters, and give them the form and lineaments which they will forever after bear.

“Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him;
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone;
He had caught the angel vision.”

I apply to you, young gentlemen, in your present condition as students, the remaining stanza of this beautiful little poem, thrown out by its author, Bishop Doane, as a waif upon the current of our American literature:

“Sculptors of life are ye, as ye stand
With your souls uncarved before you,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Your life dream passes o'er you.
If ye carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be your own—
Your lives that angel vision.”

Seize your present golden opportunity, I beseech you, and with stern purpose chisel out, it may be with many a sharp incision, that character of beauty, excellence, and usefulness which as an angel vision rises up to your imagination as your ideal of human perfection.

Gentlemen, you may be almost what you choose to be. But you must be the makers of yourselves—*εαυτων ποιηται*—self-creators. Not Professors, not libraries, not literary associations, not four years in College, not ten of them, not all the advantages, outside your own selves, which the world affords, can make you scholars. Others may point you to the way, may spread before you the means and opportunities of knowledge, may lead you to the fountains of wisdom; but you must for yourselves partake. By your own talents, industry, and energy alone, can you be made scholars. There

is no *royal* road to learning any more now than there was three thousand years ago. There is no primrose path of ease and dalliance. With all our railroads, and steam engines, and telegraphs, the same vulgar road of toil and perseverance trodden by all the learned and wise before you, is still the road to knowledge which you will have to travel.

Be not deceived; you are engaged in a great and most arduous work. Whatever the world may think, the life of the true student is the farthest possible from a life of ease and laziness. It is a life of toil—of painful and protracted effort—of earnest and anxious thought; but toilsome though it be, it has high, exciting, soul-thrilling enjoyments, compensating for all its toil. The ardor and engrossing enthusiasm with which scholars in all ages have pursued their favorite studies, amidst the greatest trials and privations, is the best proof of the exquisite and satisfying nature of these pleasures.

Let me say, in all candor, to any one commencing the life of a student, if you are addicted to self-indulgence and pleasure, to recreation and pastime; if you cannot bear restraint and solitary thought, be not so weak as to suppose the life of the student suited to you. Think not of one of the learned professions, unless you are resolved to labor hard at study, and can make it the very joy and delight of your life. The time has gone by for fourth-rate mediocrity in those avocations which require the highest acquisitions and best efforts of the keenest and most cultivated intellects.

I need not tell you that the most dangerous enemy to all vigorous intellectual effort which you have to encounter, is sloth. This, your arch-enemy, will approach you under a thousand insidious forms. Sometimes it will assume the mask of friendship, and whisper to you that your health is failing, and that you are unable to study. Sometimes it will quote Scripture—"Much study is a weariness of the flesh"—and invite you into company and to the study of human nature in stores and at street corners. Sometimes it will persuade you that your manners need the refining influence of female society; sometimes, even, it may assume the garb of an angel of light, and invite you to a multiplicity of religious meetings. It will anon approach you with books and newspapers, and

solicit you to a kind of general, desultory reading, which serves no valuable purpose in quickening and energizing the mind. Sometimes it spreads before you polite literature in the form of novels, romances, or tales of real life. When you hear it said of a student that he does not study much upon his lessons, but then he is a great reader, you may, in nine cases out of ten, set him down as the merest idler. Yield not, I entreat you, to any of these solicitations. Idleness is the mother of all mischief. "Why," says the ancient poet, "was *Ægystheus* so wicked?" and immediately makes this answer: "The reason is obvious; he was idle." This is almost always the true answer as to the cause of crime in all its forms. How came this man to be a drunkard, a gambler, a burglar, an assassin? He was idle, is the answer. Why street brawls and night disturbances in our towns and villages? We have idle boys and youth, is the answer. There is a sentence in one of your text books worthy the thoughtful consideration of every man, and especially of every student. It is this: "It is a mistake," says the author, "to believe that none but violent passions triumph over the other active principles. Laziness—sheer, downright laziness—often gets the mastery of them all; overrules all the designs and actions of life, and alike consumes and destroys both passions and virtues."

The history of those young men in our Colleges who disgrace themselves and their friends is a short one, and soon told. They love the society of the idle and the vicious, and soon grow like them. They learn to despise the ambition of the true student, and the honors and pleasures of study. They make the discovery that Greek, the Calculus, Logic, in short, every study that is the very test—the touchstone—of intellect, are not "PRACTICAL STUDIES;" are of no use; will do them no good. They perchance fancy themselves geniuses, though they have made no respectable acquisitions in any department. If there is anything connected with a liberal course which they would essay to cultivate, it is what they imagine to be popular speaking, and which, so far as they are its exponents, is the eloquence of mere sound, without thought or reasoning, and little better for the distinct and

discriminating impression it gives than the Chinese gong. They do not know that the first part of all true eloquence is to have something to say, and that the saying of nothing, however well said, can never be real eloquence.

Those students who do not seek distinction in intellectual effort, in the walks of honorable ambition, are very sure to seek it in some other way, feeling that since they are at College, they must do something by which they will distinguish themselves.

Near three hundred years ago, Roger Ascham, the celebrated tutor of Queen Elizabeth, the greatest teacher of his times, wrote a book which he called "The Scholemaster." He enumerates seven cardinal points of good promise in the student. He gives them in Greek, and I will repeat them to you in his own language. The first quality he names is *Ευφυς*—of good natural genius; the second is *Μνημων*—of good memory; the third, *Φιλομαθης*—I may as well translate it Philomathean—provided, only, you will admit that many Athenians are good Philomatheans; *Φιλοπονος*—loving work; *Φιληχοῦς*—fond of hearing—he don't mean fond of hearing the news, fond of hearing political speeches, fond of hearing idle talk—he means, *eager to hear the instructions of the recitation room*, and this is the proper translation of the word as here used. The next quality is *Ζητητικος*—inquisitive, given to searching out matters. The student who has this quality will never be content with the surface, he will go to the very bottom of all his studies. The last quality is *Φιλεπαινος*—desirous of approbation, seeking the approbation of his instructors, of his parents, of all the wise and good. You will not fail to observe that four of these words begin with *Φιλω*, implying that the *love*, the very soul of the student, must be in his work.

I now propose, my young friends, if you will give me your attention, to tell your fortunes. There is a question which is very apt to be agitated in every body of men, old or young. It is the question, "Who shall be greatest?"—the same which was raised even among the disciples of our Savior. This interesting question I propose to resolve for you; not to tell who now is greatest; but to foretell who of you will be

greatest on the stage of life's theater; who of this graduating class, what student now in the University, will make the greatest figure, and become most renowned among men. In doing this, I shall not resort to *necromancy*, or *chiromancy*, or *oneiromancy*, or any other form of *manteia*, ancient or modern. Most certainly I shall not resort to that most stupid of all the forms of wicked and vulgar delusion which, in ancient or modern times, has sought to divine the future and unfold the mysteries of the unsearchable; which makes Socrates, Bacon, and Franklin rap out on table leaves such absurdities and platitudes as would show that these great spirits of earth had, in their passage to the spirit land, become idiots, or else that their interpreters are silly impostors. I shall not look to the stars, or calculate your horoscope by the conjunction of planets, friendly or unfriendly, at your natal hour. I have means, far less fallible, of predicting your future career—long experience with young men. Now listen, and I will tell you who of your number will be greatest. It may not possibly be the one whom you would select as the genius, or even as the "smart fellow." But I tell you, that one among you will be the most successful, the most useful, will rise highest, who is habitually the most industrious and persevering, who never falters, who is never discouraged, who is always at his post, who works right on, steadily, doggedly, yet cheerfully and heartily; whose motto is that of the great English Chancellor, "*labor ipse voluptas*;" whom no difficulty daunts, no allurements seduces, no vice drags down; whose zeal never fails; who is always pressing forward, though all others may grow languid and yield to surrounding temptations. You see this student at work on Saturdays; at the beginning of the session and at the end he is the same. So indefatigable, so untiring in labor, that he seems a man with heart of oak and sinews of brass. Mark that student; you will hear of him again. He is destined to distinction, perhaps to the very highest eminence. He cannot fail. His rise is not problematical. It is just as sure as the continuance of life and health. That one of your number who most completely fills up this portraiture will, in future years, be the pride and ornament of the University, will be the man of

mark, will be the one with whom his companions and classmates will love, years hence, to claim kindred, and to say, "I was his classmate—he was with me at the University." You may not, and probably will not, remember him as so remarkable for anything as for his indomitable and unswerving industry. The law of success, young gentlemen, is the same in all great undertakings, everywhere: *Μελετη το παν*—industry—*industry every thing*. Sir William Jones, who acquired a knowledge of twenty-eight languages, and was wonderful for his attainments in every department of learning, when asked how he had made such acquisitions, replied in these words: "Only by industry and regular application." Newton, the prince of British sages, ascribed his success, not to superior genius, but to superior industry; to the habit and the power he had acquired of holding his mind down steadily and for a long time to the study of an involved and difficult subject. "The discovery of gravitation, the grand secret of the Universe," in the words of Sir William Hamilton, "was not whispered in his ear by an oracle. It did not visit him in a morning dream. It did not fall into his lap, a windfall from the clouds." But he reached it by self-denying toil, by midnight study, by the large command of accurate science, and by bending all his powers in one direction and keeping them thus bent. Have you read Irving's *Life of Columbus*, and paused upon the wonderful man presented to your conception in "the world-seeking Genoese?" Industry is the great and leading trait of his character; an industry sustained by unfailing perseverance, and animated by an enthusiasm almost divine. He first becomes the profound student of geography; acquaints himself perfectly with all that was known of the earth's surface. This knowledge suggests to him the idea of a new continent. The great idea seizes him, possesses him, carries him forward to the greatest result, with a single exception, in our world's history.

Gentlemen, think of these things; think of these great achievements. Why there is no such word as impossible. It is not good English; at any rate it is not Anglo-Saxon. Don't, I pray you, naturalize the word in your vocabulary. Some one has said, God has given us arms long enough to

reach any object in the Universe, if we will but stretch them forth.

You have, gentlemen, various views in regard to the future. In the language of the philosophic poet,

"The claims
Of social life to different labors urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent,
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decees its province in the common toil."

But, whatever you undertake, you will feel the need of thoroughly disciplined minds, of great knowledge, of deep research, and a perfect command of your powers. Some of you may be called to barbarous tribes of men to act as missionaries of knowledge and christianity. Your first step, in that case, would be to reduce a language merely spoken to the written form; to make an alphabet of sounds to your ears strange and dissonant; to reduce to system peculiarities that are without analogy in other languages; and unaided to make spelling books, grammars, dictionaries, and then translations of the Bible and standard works of European literature. Two members of a class who but a few years since occupied seats in this University, and I rejoice to say, eminently fitted for their work, are at this moment grappling with the language and literature of all others known upon the face of the earth, whether ancient or modern, the most difficult of attainment. Their high object is the introduction of christianity and European civilization into that great Empire which embraces more than one-third of the human family. Now, young gentlemen, let me ask who are fit for these great enterprises? Is it the College student who faints over a sentence of Latin or Greek; who with every help will not take the pains to understand the nature and power of words; and whose exegesis in the class-room consists of a grave shake of the head, and "*I can't read it!*" Shall we send forth such young men to this great work? No; we must have very different stuff. Or, indeed, can we have any hope that such young men will be fit for those ordinary investigations in regard to the power and meaning of words which so often occur in law, theology, phi-

losophy, and indeed, in common literature? We want men for the field of science, to make abstruse mathematical and philosophic investigations; to take observations in various parts of the earth, and to go as *savans* upon the expeditions of scientific exploration which the spirit of the age is sending forth. The commission which under the appointment of our government went out some two or three years since, to establish the boundary line between this country and Mexico, was less perfect than was desired, for the want of men of the highest scientific acquirement and experience, and such alone were desired for this service. The same is true of the late government expedition to Japan. Whom shall we expect for employments of this kind? Shall it be the student who falters at the blackboard, who stands mute and motionless, and whose *Quod erat demonstrandum* is "*I can't do it!*"

We want men in our courts of law, who shall investigate long, perplexed, and intricate questions of right, requiring patient, intense, incumbent attention for days and sometimes for weeks. Who shall be set apart for this work? Shall it be students of superficial, diluted, dissipated habits of study? Shall it be those who cannot give a clear definition or division of a moral subject? No, young gentlemen, we want you, but you must gird yourselves up, you must prepare yourselves—some for one department and some for another, but all for usefulness, all for eminence.

What shall we say of another class of students; I call them students, *lucus a non lucendo*; those who, when they come to a difficult subject, give up; in fact, stultify themselves, by saying they have no taste for it—no genius for it? No, certainly they have no genius for hard work, for close thinking, for a patient application of all the powers of the mind in a single direction. Shall we commission them to any of these great undertakings in behalf of society? Surely not; surely not. They have chosen for themselves their own place; they have set a low mark, they hold themselves born for a miserable mediocrity, and are to be set down as belonging to that numerous, and perhaps necessary, class, of whom you read in Horace, "*fruges consumere nati*"—men born to consume the fruits of the earth; men who are good—good

"To eat, and drink, and sleep, and then
To eat, and drink, and sleep again."

Away, away with that timidity which attempts little and of course accomplishes less. Stretch out your arms; stretch out your arms; they are long enough to lay hold of any good in the universe, which God designs for man. "A great deal of talent," says Sidney Smith, "is lost in this world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for an hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

Why, young gentlemen, it is not even now too early for you, with youthful ardor and enthusiasm, to form and cherish purposes which it will be the labor of your future lives to execute. How many of our best literary productions were designed while their authors, like you, were yet at College! How many noble projects of philanthropy have there been devised, which in their execution have carried blessings to millions!

It is a remarkable fact in the history of human character, that nearly all those master minds which have controlled and energized the world, have in early youth formed, and not unfrequently to a considerable extent matured, their plans of future action. In illustration of this idea, I

might point you to the examples of those who have been greatly successful in any department of human action; in arms, to Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte; in letters, to Cicero, Milton, and Sir William Jones; in the fine arts, to Titian, Michael Angelo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; in the mechanic arts, to our own Fulton and Perkins; in politics, to Fox, the younger Pitt, Alexander Hamilton, the recently deceased Sir Robert Peel, and to most of our great American statesmen.

That high and noble decision, or I might call it daring of character, which seems to be an essential prerequisite to eminent success, is acquired and matured by having constantly before the mind, even from early youth, some distinct and definite purpose of life. It is true that the regulation of every man's plan, in its details and minute parts, must depend upon the course of events, the order of which no human sagacity can foresee or anticipate. But the man of determined spirit and resolved purpose of soul, so seizes upon passing events and circumstances, so controls and accommodates them to his grand and ruling object, that even those apparently most fortuitous and unforeseen, contribute to his main purpose.

Another reason why the man who early forms his plan of life is the successful man, is, that all the passions and feelings become concentrated in a single point, and thus carry him forward with an undivided and irresistible energy to the accomplishment of his designs. The early devised and early pursued plan of life becomes so interwoven with the whole man, with his whole character, with his very existence itself, that it becomes the ruling, guiding principle. It is the first love. It possesses and sways the man. It has the fresh, buoyant, unexhausted energies of his youth. It grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. The purpose thus cherished becomes to the man the star of his destiny. No longer is time lost in resolving and re-resolving; in deliberation and counter deliberation. No spirits are wasted, no passions are fretted, in dubious and abortive resolutions, whether to do or not to do, whether to act or not to act.

It has passed into a maxim of our language that knowledge is power. But the will, that master principle of our

nature, is in a much higher degree power. No man with a feeble or uncertain will was ever great. Volition and action—to will and to do—are one and the same thing in those minds made to achieve success on the battle-field of life. We have in the great philanthropist, Howard, (and I am happy that I can present an example of the highest energy of will not taken from the list of military chieftains and heroes), as remarkable an instance of this power as ever existed in a human being. The energy of his determination, says Foster, in his celebrated essay on decision of character, was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a violent impetuosity. But, because it was unintermitted, it scarcely seemed to exceed the tone of a calm constancy. The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation and commencing them in action was the same. The man of strong will, of decided purpose, first of all subjugates himself, brings all his own motives to bear with intensity in carrying out his designs, and by an almost divine energy of volition puts down every counter sentiment, overrules every laggard principle, banishes cowardice, indolence, love of pleasure, self-indulgence. The habitual measure of the passion of his soul becomes equal to the paroxysms and temporary extremes of other minds. Having thus first carried himself, made himself a whole man to his object, whatever it may be, he is prepared to energize and sway the wills and actions of others. Here you have the real, the earnest of human life; you have the great, the heroic in human action.

But that young man, no matter how young he may be, who meditates and cherishes in his inmost soul some project of usefulness, some noble undertaking of patriotism or philanthropy, will never be turned aside by the allurements of vice. The temper of such a spirit is, I am engaged in a great work, and cannot come down. What are all the solicitations of pleasure, or ease, or idleness, to such a one? Some citadel of mischief is to be stormed; some enemy of his country or his race is to be vanquished; some deed of philanthropy is to be achieved; some good institution is to be established and built up. All inferior things must succumb and yield to the

grand object continually before his mind. If there be anything grand in human conduct, if there be such a thing as the moral sublime, we have it, assuredly, in that youth, in that young student, who forms his purpose, and amidst all temptations, all difficulties, all discouragements; amidst all sufferings of the body, all agonies of the mind, pushes forward with steady and resolute aim, with undiverted eye, with untiring and unflinching nerve, to its accomplishment. He has sworn upon the altar, not eternal hatred to Rome, as did the Carthaginian, but the achievement of some great or good design; and he cannot go back, he cannot be turned aside. In College he is arming himself with his panoply of future warfare. He has no time to lose; he has no opportunities to waste. Never, never can he stoop to the pleasures and amusements of idlers and triflers, any more than the sun traversing its bright course amidst the shining spheres of the heavens, can come down to the earth! A few such students are a treasure to any College. They give it tone and character. They are worth more to it than a host of the thoughtless and indolent. Let this be the spirit prevailing among the students of the Indiana University, and it is safe. No matter what may be its numbers, be they few or be they many, its influence will be felt, far and wide, in all the great interests of society. Could my voice prevail with our American Colleges, I would say, Cut down your numbers without fear, and thereby increase your power; sift, select, separate, purge out, until you have only men, though but a select few—men who are fitted to do the highest work of society.

But, young gentlemen, you ask, Is not the time past when great things remain to be done, or important services to be rendered to our country or society? Where shall we go to execute designs of usefulness, and what, indeed, shall those designs be? You look forth upon society; you behold its stations of honor preoccupied. The field of effort and usefulness appears before you a contracted one. You are perhaps discouraged as you survey the prospect. You feel that had you but lived in a different age, and under more auspicious circumstances; had you only been cast into existence at some important era in your country's history; had you been born

at some great juncture, some crisis of the world; you could have done something great and worthy; you could have made yourselves a name which should have come down with honor among the benefactors of men. But now the time for these high achievements has passed by. No such opportunities remain. You must be content with a narrow sphere of action, with small efforts and corresponding results. Never was there a view more incorrect. In all the world's history, there has been no time like the present for great action. Be not led astray by that fallacy which points you to some distant time or to some distant place. Look forth upon the world as your field of action. In the first place, this world was never so large as at present. Alexander the Great conquered a small patch of the earth's surface, and claimed to have conquered the world, and even sighed for new worlds to conquer. The Romans crept along the shores of the Midland Sea, annexed the adjacent territory, extended their dominion eastward to the Euphrates, and toward the North overran a portion of Europe; reached in their navigation some point which they were pleased to call "*Ultima Thule*"—Thule the farthest part of earth—and they too imagined they had conquered the whole world. It was their world, but the world of our day is a very different one. It embraces the surface of the whole planet; it offers a theatre for human activity such as in no other age has been known. To the present generation, and at this very time, there are opening some of the finest portions of the earth, which hitherto have been closed against the enterprise and culture of civilized men.

But not only is the world larger than ever before, but human life is actually longer. Never was there a time when you might live so long. "All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years, and he died." That is all. That is the whole record of the longest life ever allotted mortal man, and a short, barren record, truly!

"Life is not measured by the time we live;
That life is long which answers life's great end."

For all the effective purposes of living, we may outlive by centuries the Methuselahs, and Enochs, and other patriarchs

of the antediluvian world. We may accomplish more, enjoy more, live more.

Still another enlarged sphere of action, so far as you are concerned, is found in the extension of our native language, —the language in which we were born—our own English. Some two hundred years ago, the English language was spoken, read, and understood by less than two millions of people, and these, for the most part, on a mere speck of the earth, and even there it was but in partial use. But now its "line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world." It is the language of a hundred millions of the human race. It is spoken in immense territories in Asia, in Southern and Eastern Africa, in Australia, in numerous isles of the sea; it has extended its domain in Europe, and it is here spoken upon a whole continent, and every year its progress is widened and accelerated. What a source of power! what an instrumentality!

Young men, lift up your eyes. Behold the fields already white for the harvest! Where are the laborers? The harvest truly is great. Alas! that the laborers are so few! These fields are not in a far-off land. They are all around you. They are here in Indiana. They are here in all our great West. They are here in our whole country. The world, too, is the field.

Men are wanted thoroughly to arouse the people on the subject of education, to devise wise and prudent plans, and to perfect a great scheme of general education, which shall carry the blessing of knowledge to every valley and every hill-side in our broad land where a child is found. Who will be the Oberlins, the Barnards, the Emersons of this work? Who of you will give reputation to the literature of the country? Who will explore its natural history? Who, under the influence of divine grace, will awaken the people to a deeper sense of religious duty? Who, in a word, will be our law-givers, our law-ministers, our physicians, our divines, our teachers, our writers?

Is there not ample room in any of the departments I have indicated, for your best and highest efforts? Is there not enough in a mere glance at them to stir up and arouse to the

utmost all your energies? Can you not see reason enough in the field before you, why you should make the most of these opportunities which you now enjoy; why you should acquaint yourselves with human knowledge in all its vast variety; why you should gird and prepare yourselves in mind, heart, and body for a great work? I appeal to you, gentlemen, in behalf of our country, in behalf of society; I appeal to you for yourselves. The work of human society is to be done; the destiny of the age is to be wrought out. The question for you to solve is, what part you will bear in the work; what position you will occupy; what honors you will take; whether you will stand as princes and leaders in the onward march of society, or as laggards and hangers-on in its rear.

But, you say, all the places in society are even now fully occupied; the judicial and political offices, the pulpits, the professorships in the colleges, and that crowds of expectants are awaiting every vacancy. Gentlemen, be not deceived; I pray you, be not deceived; stations and situations will be opened to you quite as soon as you will be qualified to receive them. Your great care must be that they do not come to you before you are prepared to fill them with honor to yourselves or usefulness to your country.

There are still one or two topics relating to you as students, which I wish barely to touch upon for the consideration of those of you who are still for a time to abide in the University. One of these topics is public opinion, as existing in college, and constituting one of its governing elements. I mean that public opinion which is mainly formed by the students, and which operates among themselves. Here, as in the society of the great world, it sways, whether for good or for evil, a most potent influence. The public sentiment of the college, depending largely upon the students, must of course vary with the character of those who form it. Where the students, or the leading and influential students, are correct in their habits, gentlemanly in their deportment, virtuous in their principles, and earnestly devoted to intellectual pursuits, and preparation for high usefulness in future life, there public sentiment will be pure and elevated. Where they are loose in principle, coarse in feeling, and vicious in conduct,

the public sentiment they form will be correspondingly lax. Where college sentiment is as it should be, it is of itself the most efficient of all agents in the preservation of order and good conduct. I have seen the public sentiment of students, not only maintain perfect order, but, session after session, for years, maintain a high standard of excellence. College sentiment may, and ought to require a standard to which mere law and authority cannot attain. Low, indeed, is the moral sense of that community which does not rise above the standard required by their laws. Right sentiments, prevailing among students, may reach cases which mere authority cannot reach. I have seen, in college, the student's talents and scholarship measured almost exclusively by his ability in writing. I have seen mathematics the sole test of talent, and of course all the rage. I have seen the sentiment of a class, without any action of the Faculty, remove a student from the class, because he did not read Latin and Greek according to the standard required in the class. If the public sentiment of a literary institution is kept right, not much government by mere authority is needed. This is indeed the established mode by which this University has long been governed, and far better governed by the force of just sentiments prevailing among the students, than it could have been by any external authority whatever.

I say to you, young gentlemen, as you are engaged in pursuits of your own; drawn together from different parts of the country for these pursuits; as you are a community by yourselves; it is proper that you should maintain your own community sentiment, your own separate college existence and identity; that you should not be fused in the mass around you. But see to it, that the standard of moral sentiment which you maintain is above that of the great world around you. Cherish a higher tone of honor, a purer morality, more elevated manners. Surely you, whose very sole business it is to cultivate your moral and intellectual natures, ought to stand above those who have no such opportunities. In relation to internal matters of the University, allow no busybodies outside to form or influence your opinions, to distil secret poison into your ears, to make you the facile instruments of their de-

signs. Happily you are situated in a community of high moral tone; but in all communities there are some bad men, designing men, some men, too, who are good enough, but weak, small men, who would not know any better than to sacrifice the University to their particular church, or their little coterie, or, perhaps, to their family connexions. It would be strange if such influences might not operate even here in Bloomington. Have nothing to do with them. Maintain your own independence. Let your motto be kindness and gentlemanly bearing to all; entangling alliances with none. Your business, your friendships, your ties, your associations, should be mainly here; should cluster around this college building.

Nearly allied to this is another sentiment. It is to the college what patriotism is to country; it is what home affection is to the family. It is commonly called *esprit du corps*; it is community feeling. No body of men can be effective as a body, or even long exist as such, without it. It is the very life of our colleges. It is the element of their success; the sword of their power.

When that old college building, uncomely in aspect though it may have been, but around which clustered so many sacred associations; when your Society halls, adorned with so much taste from the little savings of your pocket money; when your Society libraries, collected book by book, with so much pains; when the college library—that monument of the judicious learning of Dr. Wylie; when these all were lying in ashes—not a book saved—the very bell which called you together a molten mass; blackened and tumbling walls the only memorial; when the same dastard villainy which had before deposited the anonymous or fictitious letter, had at last applied the midnight torch, and fraud and incendiarism were in secret places chuckling over their work; when dismay sat upon the countenances of all good citizens; in that dark hour, some of you of this Senior class, and some of the two preceding ones, met, a little band, in that dilapidated room of the old college building and resolved to stand by the University, and sent forth to your fellow-students, then scattered in different parts of the State, the rallying call; and soon the re-

sponse came back from Lafayette, from Terre Haute, from Evansville, from New Albany: "We will, to the last, stand by the old University; by our cherished ALMA MATER;" this first gave the assurance of hope that all was not lost. To remind you of the spirit of that day, I beg to read a few sentences from the appeal which this noble band of young men sent forth to their fellow-students. It should be framed and covered with glass, and hung up in the halls and public rooms of the University, as a perpetual memorial. It is dated April 12, 1854, just after the fire:

"At a meeting of the Students remaining in Bloomington during the present vacation, the undersigned were appointed a committee to address you in relation to the great calamity which has befallen our beloved *Alma Mater*.

"The main University edifice, with the Chapel where we have so often met, and our beautiful Society halls, and our Libraries, are a smouldering mass of ruins.

"It is with sad hearts that we turn our eyes to the blackened walls, where cluster so many pleasant recollections of the past. You will, with us, be deeply afflicted by the tidings of this, our common misfortune.

"But the question arises, What shall we do as Students? We are directed by the unanimous voice of those at this meeting to say to you, It is our resolution to remain as students in the Indiana University. We will never desert her in this hour of trial."

Again, with a prophecy which has proved reality, they say:

"We have no doubt this calamity will be made the beginning of greater prosperity than ever to the Indiana University.

"Let us, fellow-students, not be wanting—we can nowhere have better advantages. Let us be present and partake in the energy and spirit which this event awakens! Come, and bring with you as many others as possible."

Had there been no such fealty among the students; had there been none of the spirit of the corps, the work of the destroyer would have been complete; there would now have been no Indiana University; its name would have been blotted out forever. But behold! behold the results of your fidelity! This beautiful building, the best adapted to its purpose

of any in our whole country, east or west; your new Society halls; even a new library. The cry was, Every man to his post—every man to his duty! Citizens, Board of Trustees, Faculty, the Governor of the State, the Legislature, all have done a noble part; and the day of trial is past, the day of rejoicing has come. But for this spirit on your part, these results would never have been brought about.

There is another subject to which I will for a moment advert, more for the purpose of confirming than of correcting, what I know to be your habitual feelings and deportment—a subject far more essential to your own character and respectability than to the comfort of your instructors. Many centuries since, Quintillian, himself a distinguished teacher of Rhetoric, said that he included almost the whole duty of scholars in this one piece of advice: To love those who teach them as they love the sciences they learn of them, and to look upon them as fathers from whom they derive, not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. On this same subject, beautifully has Gibbon, the historian, said: “The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure. A liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents; and the teachers of science are the parents of the mind.” I am aware that it is a vice of the country, if not of the age, that family government has become greatly relaxed, and, as a necessary consequence, respect and veneration for parents are greatly diminished. That the spirit of insubordination should sometimes be extended to instructors is not wonderful. But it is, in all its bearings, wherever it may exist, a most unhappy and ungenerous spirit. Have you not remarked, in your reading of biography, with what affectionate regard almost every man who has attained great eminence is accustomed to speak of the instructors of his youth? Alexander thanked the gods that he had Aristotle as his teacher; he did not complain of him as a hard and surly logician. Both Pitt and Fox, upon attaining the Premiership, among the first dispensations of their bounty, rewarded the instructors of their youth. Have you not remarked, too, if there be in college a downright dolt, he is sure to be the one most disrespectful in his feelings

and language toward his instructors? It can, indeed, hardly be otherwise than that he who dislikes his studies should transfer a portion of that dislike to the teachers of those studies. Never was there a more false and mischievous sentiment than that which seems sometimes to prevail in college, that the rights and interests of Faculty and students are adverse and antagonistical. They are in all respects identical. Is it not equally the honor and interest of both that studiousness, good order, good morals, gentlemanly deportment, and high-toned sentiment should prevail in the little commonwealth to which both belong?

I am most happy to take this opportunity of attesting my respect and affection for your excellent Faculty, both as a body and as individuals, and of bearing my humble testimony of their being really worthy the highest sentiments of affection and veneration which you may cherish for them.

I have only further to say to you who are still to continue as students of the University, that as your seniors in standing leave these halls, and as you are yourselves advanced to their standing, new duties and responsibilities devolve upon you. I charge you, young gentlemen, be true to yourselves. I charge you to make the most of the opportunities which are still to be yours. The reputation of this seat of learning is largely in your hands. It is not the buildings of a University, however magnificent; it is not its libraries; it is not its professors, even; its students—they are the true exponents of its merits and usefulness. Nothing so certainly injures an institution of education as the unworthy conduct of its students. It injures education itself, and creates a prejudice against it, and justly; for if intellectual culture have no tendency to elevate its votaries; if it neither raise nor elevate the character, what is it worth? It is false students—students who are no students—who, like hypocritical professors of religion, bring a reproach upon their name and profession. Be you true students; prove yourselves worthy successors of the best of those who have heretofore adorned these halls, and let future classes in this University be inspired by your example.

I now turn to you, my dear young friends, who are about finally to leave the walls of this University. There are one or

two points of duty to which I would, for a moment, ask your attention. I desire to say to you, first of all, you must unite the character of the man of action and the man of study. For the mere book man, the mere closet student—for that class of whom Cicero says, “*se literis abdiderunt*,” we have, in a country like this, no place. You must act and sympathize with the society in which you live. You must bear your part in all its improvements; you must take an interest in all its concerns, and be its earnest supporters and benefactors. You must be in society and for society, and ready to do your duty, from the school meeting up to the United States Senate. Nor need habits of active usefulness and interest in the concerns of society withdraw you from study. The great lexicographer, Dr. Webster, a man whose Dictionary cost thirty years of studious labor, at all times bore his part in the interests of men around him. He attended every town meeting, wrote for the newspapers on topics of common interest, and served in the State Legislature. There is also Dr. Bowditch—a name in science above every other American name—the translator and annotator of the *Mecanique Celeste*, the most abstruse and profound scientific work ever produced by the genius of man, the author of the great work on navigation, the tables of which are used in the commerce and navies of the whole world, and which every year save thousands of lives and millions of property, a man whose name confers renown upon his country. This great man, who, if any could be excused from the more active walks of life, might from the nature of his studies, claim such exemption, was the greater part of his life engaged in mere business pursuits, and was, up to his last moments, most efficient in every improvement and every good institution. Not a library, or scientific society, or public work, which did not receive his aid and contributions. Of many such institutions he was a director, or other officer, requiring his personal time and attention. These illustrious examples prove that the man of action may be united in the man of study.

Without taking such an interest in all around you, you cannot be eminently useful. You cannot make the best and highest uses of your education. You cannot be men for our

times and country. Those who, under the pretext of great studiousness, do not mingle in the concerns of society, do in fact ordinarily study less, and to less purpose, than those who actively participate with their fellow men in sustaining common interests. If Dr. Webster and Dr. Bowditch had time for such purposes, who can pretend that they have on hand greater works, and cannot spare the time?

But, young gentlemen, you must be men of study, men of regular, systematic habits of study; you must gather up for study every scrap and fragment of unoccupied time. You have but commenced the life of students. You must be such as long as you live. If you are not, you will dwindle, you will be small men. You will be outstripped in knowledge and usefulness by men who have never had your advantages.

It is an error too common among our professional men, who have enjoyed the advantages of an academic education, that upon entering an active life, they abandon the systematic cultivation of literature. Gentlemen, shun this error. As you go forth to your respective callings, cultivate and cherish, I beseech you, those sweet and silent studies, some taste for which, it is presumed, you have here acquired. They will give a freer and more enlarged action to all your mental powers; they will add dignity and respectability to your character; they will afford you never-failing sources of enjoyment and consolation; they will fill up the interstices of your time with rational amusement, and by withdrawing you from the influence of external things, and giving you an existence in the world of mind, they will render you less vulnerable to the shafts of adversity. All this they will do for you and more; and next to religion, they will be the most effective instruments in enabling you to restrain the wrong impulses and passions of your nature, and in elevating you to the highest dignity of rational existence.

There is still another subject in regard to which I beg your attention. The love of office has in our country become a universal mania. It invades all classes—especially does it allure and lead away the young and the ambitious. While the love of distinction is natural—to live and

move and act for office is degrading. It destroys independence of action, and makes men the subservient instruments of popular caprice. In a republic, there ought on this subject to prevail better taste and better principle. Gentlemen, there is no more honorable post than that of the private citizen. In a commonwealth—in a republic, there is no post above that of the independent, unofficial, sovereign citizen. Who has a stronger claim to our respect—our admiration—our gratitude, than the citizen, adorning all the relations of life, taking a true interest in all the concerns of his country, expressing his opinions with freedom and moderation, cultivating letters, seeking no office from his fellow-citizens, but performing with fidelity all the duties of a republican citizen? Can office, I ask, add any thing to such a man?

But in politics, whether in the public or in the private station, you must—you ought to bear your part. It is the very theory of our government, that every man is a politician. In a republic, by its very fundamental idea, politics is the business and concern of every citizen; and when the soberminded, the moderate, the wise, the good, abandon all concern in the government of the country, when the great body of the people cease to take a part in the republic, we have no longer a democracy, a government of the people—we have a *demagogy*, a government of people leaders, or rather as the word imports, people drivers, which in reality is a most odious aristocracy, or rather *cacistocracy*, a government of the worst men. Yet the man who will have nothing to do with politics, and even makes a merit of never meddling in political matters, contributes to this very end. He does his part to destroy good government—the greatest temporal boon which God has bestowed upon man—and that boon which distinguishes our country above every other country upon which the sun shines.

The real, and the greatest danger, to our government is that bad, corrupt men have been permitted to take the lead, while the body of the people have stood off and let them have their way. The spoils of politics—the steal-

ings of office—speculation upon government, better named government robbery, have become, in an alarming degree, the order of the day; while the attention of the people is called off by the everlasting din of some sub-treasury question, or tariff question, or bank question, or Kansas question—each in its turn the most important that was ever before raised, and, until after election, involving the very existence of the government itself. Gentlemen, to whatever party you may belong, be yourselves true, good, and honest men, and support such, and such only, for office, and do your part in driving out with a scourge the money dealers and money brokers who have to so great an extent converted our national capital and our State capitals into dens of thieves. I do not speak indiscriminately. I know there are now in office men as incorruptible as ever lived—men who went into office poor and come out poorer—men who went in pure and came out just as pure; I do not speak of any particular party, for it is notorious that where a government swindle is to be perpetrated, about an equal number of each party are the confederates. I do not speak of any particular individual or individuals. I speak in general terms.

I am not of those who hold party to be unmitigated evil. It may be, and often is, so formed as to be evil, and only evil. But I do not see how men are to accomplish results, where association is needed to produce those results, without some party organization. In all free governments parties have existed, and for aught I see must continue to exist. The point I wish to present is this: Where bad men, through party machinery, obtain party nominations, what are good men to do? I say unhesitatingly, repudiate such nomination. Fealty to your country, fealty to your party even, requires this. The correcting power of individuals is the only safety against corrupt party organization. Virtue and morality are the very basis of a commonwealth. Without them it cannot continue to exist. Such is the sentiment of the great Father of the country, Washington himself. You are not then true to the very first principles of democratic government, you are not true to the State, if by your votes or your influence you support wicked and corrupt men, knowing or

believing them to be such. Even organized government itself, becoming intolerably bad, may be lawfully overthrown; party, acting with far less responsibility, may be more easily corrupted, may give itself up to unprincipled leaders; and these must be sternly rebuked and put down, or the country is ruined. It is melancholy that under the drill of party discipline, or under the excitement of party movement, men often so forget every public obligation as to vote for those to whom they would not venture to trust the smallest interests of their own—as to commit the highest interests of the State to those who notoriously violate every private duty, and are known to be utterly faithless in all the relations of life.

Honesty and honor are just as necessary in politics as any where else—nay, are more necessary. Scorn and reject all such miserable, corrupting sentiments as these: policy in politics, available candidates—which commonly means candidates without a single qualification of any kind—fighting them with their own weapons.

We have fallen upon evil times. We need the counsels of wise and good men, and with them, we might hope that the distractions of the country could soon be healed. But, alas, instead, we have the licentiousness of the tongue and the licentiousness of the press—we have not only coarse and violent words uttered in the heat of debate, but words skillfully prepared as arrows poisoned with deadly herbs slowly gathered in Colchis and other classic fields, and even culled beside Cocytus and Phlegethon, rivers of hell!

This in turn is followed by brutal force, not applied in the instant of sudden uprising passion, but stealthily and with the deliberate murderous revenge of the savage, and the highest council chamber of the nation is desecrated not merely by studied vituperation, but by the bludgeon of the bully and blood split on the very spot, where not long since stood those demi-gods of debate, Clay and Webster.

You may, young gentlemen, gather useful lessons from these abhorrent scenes; you may learn how little of true manliness, or of the true purpose of debate, there is in provoking words, even though spoken unrebuked under cover

of privilege, and how much of vileness and infamy there is in cowardly deeds of violence.

Be open and outspoken,—at the same time be prudent, forbearing, courteous, good and true men;—be such every where, but most of all in affairs of church and State. In all your relations, as individuals, as citizens, as members of society, as brethren of the family of man, do your duty—your whole duty—earnestly, faithfully, fearlessly, manfully, and always with the bearing of christian gentlemen;—and, I pray you, let no temporary expedient or passion, or seeming present advantage swerve you for the occasion or exigency from the right. I address each one of you in the words of Carlisle, “do that duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be duty; thy second duty will already have become plainer,”—and never forget that in navigating the seas of this world, there is no safety but in celestial observations,—in the guidance of that wisdom which is from above.

Another duty remains in connexion with my service before you this evening. It devolves upon me in the name of the Philomathean Society to confer upon two members of the present senior class of the University, Messrs. S. Lybrand Binkley, of Tarlton, Ohio, and Joseph S. Jenckes, Jr., of Terre Haute, Indiana, Diplomas constituting them graduates of the Society, and as testimonials of confidence and affection, *ubique gentium*, wherever in the providence of God their lot may be cast.

Gentlemen, be pleased to receive from me as the organ of the Society with which during your college life you have been associated, these parchments, *hasce membranas*, as memorials and testimonials which—now and hereafter—here and wherever you may be—in the hour of success and prosperity as well as in the hour of trial or dispondency, may support and cheer you on—which may remind you of hopes cherished—of youthful honors won—of duties to be performed—of expectations to be fulfilled—of a life to be spent in high and noble pursuits. Henceforth you are men dedicated and set apart—men appointed and devoted—you are men consecrated to the best interests of humanity; and I charge

you in the name of your companions here around you, do your work well.

To-night you stand on the vantage ground—on the mount of privilege, crowned with the laurels which learning has placed upon your brows. To-morrow, you must descend into the vale of real life; you must take your places as wrestlers in the world's gymnasium. You cannot for a moment tarry here, you cannot repose upon the honors you have already won. FORWARD! MARCH! is the command, and you must obey the destiny which bids you on.

With us all, you are hastening to that great COMMENCEMENT which takes place after the discipline of life's polytechny. Keep ever before you this Commencement, where as scholars who have completed your prescribed curriculum on earth, there will be assigned you your true and eternal standing. May you so pass the several stages of life's career—the Freshman, the Sophomore, the Junior, and the Senior, of your earthly existence, that when you arrive at the great Commencement day—the day for which all other days were made—there will be awarded you glory, honor, and immortality; and that the Baccalaureate then addressed you by the great President shall be—"WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS!"

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